

THE PASSING BELL.

Job the 14th verse the first.

*Man that is borne of a woman, is
of few dayes and full of trouble.*

By JAMES HARWOOD.
B. D.

Printed in the yeare. 1655.

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THE PASSING BELL.

Job the 4th verse the first.
Man that is born of a woman is
of few days and full of trouble.

By JAMES HARWOOD.
B. D.

Printed in the year, 1622.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
THE LADY
CAPELL
DOWAGER.

THe Honour I ever bare to
that bright shining Star of
Loyalty, your late deceased
Lord, obliges me to Dedi-
cate these few lines to your
singular goodnesse; they will occasion
serious thoughts in sad times; and point
you out the way to life by Death: I know
a great part of your joy on earth is gone
to Heaven: And since Death made a
way

The Epistle Dedicatory.

may for your Noble Lord, I trust in the
Lord this shall sweeten to you the thought
of the approach of Death. I have made
bold to set a sad object before your eyes,
you may mixe it with your worldly enjoy-
ments, as the Israelites did their bitter
herbs, with their pleasant passover; It
may seeme at first to kill, but cures, onely
removing our Dardanelles from a Coppy-
hold at will, to a fee-farme of Eternity.
These after Noyses may seeme as harsh as
Jacobs hands were Rough; but I hope
not so to you, who in life have learnt to
dye; A short lesson, yet to some, too long
a learning; God hath blessed your Honour
with long dayes, yet some of them have been
overcast with a black cloud of worldly ca-
lamity, which many mouthes put all your
family and deare friends into mourning
weedes: What was this, but the messen-
ger of death sent to one, to warne you and
all yours, and all others to make ready to
die. Madam, pardon my presumption, I
only put you in mind of * him, of whom you
have too timely an assurance he will spare
none: what I here present to you, is not
to terrifie you with Death, but put you in
mind what you may gaine by dying: And
know

* Death

The Epistle-Dedicatory.

know Right Honorable, that as none was admitted into the Temple of Honour, but such who first went through the Temple of Vertue, so none can come to the life of glory, till they have made their passage by the death of the body; your high hopes in reversion will sweeten the thoughts of that messenger of mans mortality, which the more you thinke of, the better you will bee prepared for your long journey; And this I take to be the chiefe cause, why the Emperours of Constantinople in their Augurations on their Coronation dayes, had a Mason, who came and shewed them severall stones, and willed them to chuse which of those stones should be made fit for their Grave-stones.

You see at the Esponsalls of Emperiall Crownes, it was thought fit to Caroll out this dolefull ditty, Memento mori, O Man remember thy end. It shall not be my last, but everlasting suit, in this, you would imitate the Princes of the Nations, and whilst by Divine Goodnesse, you are Inheriatrix of large possessions, at the same time to beare in mind how here we have no continuing City: God for his goodnesse,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and Christ for his merits blasse you
all yours which shall be, **Dum Spiro** the
prayer of

Your devoted servants

to command

JAMES HANWOOD

To

To my beloved Wife

to a life of Glory, but by the death of the

~~body of the flesh, which is the house of the~~

~~body of the flesh, which is the house of the~~

of Glory in the Kingdom of Heaven: In

my long absence from you, I thought

of your long absence from me, and

because you in private to write me

Dear Heart,

we have no continuing

City, our days pass as

a tale that is told, I will

growe of our age, The

world smiled upon us in

our middle Age, she seemed to hold but

unto us her golden Ball; but in this our

old age and worst of times, all worldly

joy hath turned her back upon us: So

that after a sad and serious Meditation, I

found all Earthly pleasure like Plinies

flies, borne at Morne, in their prime at

Noone, and dead at Night. They came

to us like Oxen slowly, they have taken

Pegasus his wings and flowne from us:

The uncertainty of these unstable con-

temp hath made me cast an eye up to hea-

ven, and seeke after an eternity of Blisse;

My best beloved know it, there is no way,

Hist.

To my beloved Wife.

to a life of Glory, but by the death of the
body: I therefore put it in your every day
to think of your end, and by the thought
of death, you may be prepared for a life
of Glory in the kingdome of Heaven; In
my long absence from you, I thought
good to commend these few sentences to
your every daies perusal: They will
put you in mind of your long home, and
bespeake you in private to worke out
your salvation with feare and trembling.
And now considering much of our state
is flying, so small a reverse remains.
The Lord grant we may both of us re-
member our ends, that we may never be
amiss. This is his prayer, who will live
and die for his church, his redeemed
our sinners, and himselfe; but in this
worldly life.

Your Loving and faithfull Husband

James Harwood:



The passing Bell.

Job the 14th verse the first.

*Man that is borne of a Woman is of
few dayes and full of euill.*

My Soule is embarked in a crasse
Sculler, Here is the passenger, and
here is the vessell.

*My Soule is sayling on from a Transi-
tory life of vanity to an eternall life of Glory.
In all my Spirituall Sea-sicke passage,
behold and heare a Change of Notes.*

*No more, Soule take thy ease: No more
Faciamus tria Tabernacula. No more
quid dabitis & ego tradam vobis.*

*No, all the noyse is, vanity upon vanity,
all is vanity.*

*The Pilot sicknesse Calls on me to em-
barke, and now Naboths Vineyard, Bel-
shazars bouls, Jona's Gourd, these give
no content.*

*Yet this my present visitation I bid wel-
come: knowing it is the back-doore, which
lets*

And I will goe toll the bell, that no
good people may take notice how nigh I am
to my end.

Let them goe toll the bell, whilst I tune
my tongue to the passing toll.

My Ditty is Mortality, my Tune Lar
cyme, my Time short Semiquaver times,
which will admit of no rest.

Give me leave to enchant your eares
with a Language will pierce everyone
in minds of our ends.

I have, and for this cause becom
me of some select sayings worthy of your
Remembrance.

Every sentence shall give you notice of
your end, and how here you have no conti
nuing Outy.

Facinus est Tabernaculum. No more
quid dabitur & ego traham vobis.

And the world is a stage, where every
one of us is but a player.

And the world is a stage, where every
one of us is but a player.

And the world is a stage, where every
one of us is but a player.

And the world is a stage, where every
one of us is but a player.

And the world is a stage, where every
one of us is but a player.

The

Death follows straight, & we may bowle

THE FIRST PART OF THE SOULS DEPARTING DITTY.

8. I have but once to go hence and be
I have but once to go hence and be

Quod faciemus est semper deliberandum est dis.

Before the day of part which a world

**Have a work to do, I To passe
am but once to do it, from life
and I am undone if it to Death?
be not well done.**

2. Let me take more
pains to die well then
to live long, otherwise my long life
will bring me to an ill end.

3. To return from the dead impossi-
ble, All my life then I will prepare for
death.

4. When death will come, I know
not;

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not, that it will come, I am sure of it, but
once, *O make ready,*

5. This life is a summer day before
death; Death followes after, *Set thy house
in order.*

6. Hath God given me length of
daies; *I say,* that in life, I may prepare for
death.

7. He that dieth daily, hath done
his work; before the night of death shuts
day in.

8. I have but once to go hence and be
seen no more, that I play not loath to de-
part, my last parture, I will bear in my re-
membrance, and for ever.

9. Before the day of battel what a world
of preparation, the war begins when
death comes; its wisdom before it come,
to make ready.

10. They call death *Charon's* boat, I
am sure it wafts the soul from a materiall
to an immateriall world, my advice, eye
the barge before thou enter, all one, with
remember thy end.

11. I have but one step to eternity;
it is from life to death. I will be prepa-
ring this body of mine, to win the Gar-
land of a blessed immortality.

12. *O* the serious thoughts while I
live;

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live; How I must die; these do so make me run, that I may obtain a Crown of Immortall glory.

13. In my life I will oft meditate on death, when death doth come, it will be more welcome.

14. He that thinks not of his end till ready to die, his unthought of ending is like an *Enthusiasts sermon*, poor stuff.

15. This sound of the passing Bell assures me there is time to die; Is it so nigh night, it is high time then to work out my salvation; lest the night of death put in, and none can work.

16. I have a taske set will take up all my time, *v.z.* to die well; while I live then I will learn to die, lest being found unprepared, it be said, *thou saidst this night thy Soul shall be required of thee.*

17. There is one, and it will not be long ere he come and call, and knock at thy door, his name is death, with *Martha* thou hast been troubled about many things; O this *unum necessarium*, let it not be forgotten.

That I must die.

18. As thou camest by the womb; thou must go by the grave. Learn then in life, how to be freed from death.

19. *Maximilian* the Emperor made his Coffin alwaies to be carried along with him,

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him, to this end that his dignity might not make him forget his mortality.

20. How many messengers have brought word that death will quarter hereby sad newes, wouldst thou sweeten them, fear God and keep his commandments.

The second part of the soules departing Ditty.

Statutum est omnibus semel mori.

21. **W**hat was long since decreed in heaven. God hath sent warrants to execute on earth. *semel mori*, for us once to die.

22. King Xerxes standing on a Mountain, and having many hundred thousands of his souldiers standing in the plain, fell a weeping, to think upon it, how in a few years, and all those gallant valliant men must die.

23. **A**dam he lived 930 years, and he dyed.

Enoch, he lived 965 years, and he dyed.

Methusalem lived 967 years, and he dyed.

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Of the longest day but in night, and in
the end man must die.

24. The Princes of the Nations pass
sentence of death upon others. Well, it is
not long, but their turn will come, *semel
moris, once to die.*

25. When the keepers of the house
remble, the grinders cease, the lookers
out of the windows be darkened, then
man is taking his journey to his long
home, *to die.*

26. As is the Law of the Medes and
Persians Irrevocable, so is that uni-
versal sentence, *semel moris, for all men
once to die.*

27. It is reported, how there is a white
and black Mouse, which continually
gnawes at the roote of a Tree, untill the
Tree fall down; Man's the Tree, the day
and night the white and black Mouse,
in a small time, shall hew man down, and
he dies.

28. Baruch, and Gideon, and Sampson,
they are all gone, and we are to follow
after, *and to die.*

29. Better is the house of Mourning,
than Mirth; this teacheth me to live in
pleasure, and die in pain, that teaches me
in this life to die to sin; that now I must
die, I may live with God.

30. But

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30. But where are these Heralds, who blaze that coat of death? The yeares Autumn, the Seas Ebbing, the Suns Setting, these assure me, how man never continues in one stay. *Man in honour lasts not long.*

31. It is not long, and the Sun sets, the Tyde turns, and the Leaf falls, and man must assuredly expect a change.

32. *Dixi ut vera*, Terrible but true newes, it is this, not long, and the gathering Host of *Dan* must sweep us clean away.

33. Many of us live where our Parents lived, & live of the same lands which they lived of. *It is not long*, and our children shall do as much for us, *for we must go hence and be seen no more.*

34. Some ride Post, some Hackney, pace at *serius latine*, sooner later, all arrive at the common line, the Grave, and die.

35. Some have the Palsie, some the Apoplexie, some a Fever, some an Ague, some a Consumption, some none of them: yet the sick, the sound, they all meet in the end, at the same Rendezvous, at the house of Death, *and they die.*

36. The Scholer thinks to delude
God with evil death

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death with his fallacies, the Lawyer puts in his demur, the Prince, his plea is, State-affairs: *at equo pulsat pede*, Death knocks at all dores alike; and when he comes, they all go hence, from their houses to their graves.

37. None leads more a Christian life, then he, who all his life, thinks of death. *O all my daies I will wait till my change come.*

38. Joseph the Jew, in his best health made his stone-Coffin be cut out in his Garden, to put him in mind of his *Ego abeo, I go hence*.

39. The Persians they buried their dead in their houses, to put the whole household in mind of the same lot, *Semel mori, once to die.*

40. Simonides, when commanded to give the most wholesome rule to live well, willed the Lacedemonian Prince ever to bear in mind, *se tempore brevi moriturum: ere long, and he must die.*

41. A sort of imprudent people put a fortasse upon all things in the world; they might have excepted death, it comes not * *forte, sed fort rer;* and none can rescue from the Jaws of death.

* Not by chance but by force.

42. God hath hid from me the day of my

B

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my death, that every day I may make ready to die.

43. There is nought more sure then to die: so then live, as if to day to dy.

44. As all the Rivers come from the Sea, and run in again into the Sea, so we all come from the earth, and to the earth we must return again.

45. The Mower cuts all down, as much will death do for all us, leave none standing.

46. The Adder layeth one eare to the ground, the other, the Adder covereth with her Tail, and all that Charm the Charmer never so wisely, she may not hear: As deaf is death, it stops its ear, and will not hear, *h e magnos parvasq; terit*, the storm of death roots up Shrubs and Cedars

47. They say a Wolfe, if he seeth a man, first secludes the man from the use of his tongue; how true is that, I know not, this is true. I am sure of it, death leaves us speechlesse, lifelesse: Whilst therefore thou hatt life, prepare for death.

48. I have heard of Abraham at Confession, confessing himselfe to be dust and ashes; and David, how his daies

dayes are but a hand bredth: The short-
nesse of this, the Britleness of that, tels me
in my eare, *I have no long time to stay
here.*

49. Solon, to pull downe mans proud
heart, made this inscription on the Post
of the gates of Delphos, *Nosce te ipsum,*
quasi tunc cogitabis; know thy selfe, and
then thou wilt quickly know thou must
dye.

50. I have read of a sort of people that
use dead mens bones for money; and the
more they have, they are counted the
more Rich: herein consists my richest
treasure, to beare that about me will make
me all my life remember my end.

51. Great Sultan Saladan, Lord of ma-
ny Nations and Languages, commanded
upon his death-bed, that one should car-
ry upon a Speares point through all his
Campe the flag of death, and to pro-
claime, for all his wealth, *Saladan* hath
nought left but this winding-sheete; an
ensured asigne of Deaths triumphing over
all the sonnes of Adam.

52. I uncloath my selfe every night, I
put off all but what may put me in mind
of my winding-sheet, and thus day after
day uttereth speech, and night after night

sheweth knowledge, *bon Ego Exeo, I goe hence,*

53. Anaxagoras having word brought him, his onely sonne was dead: his answer was, *saió me gémisse mortalem.* I know he was borne to dye.

54. The Epicure in his life takes his fill of pleasures, yet feares one day death will deprive him of all his pleasure, let us unlearn his first lesson, let us take out his latter lesson, and remember that death one day will deprive us of all our earthly joyes.

55. The Medications of Death are the politicks of Saints; and therefore saith the wiseman, *Remember thy end, and thou shalt never doe amisse.*

56. Philip of Macedon gave a boy a pension every morning to say to him, *Phillippe memento te hominem esse.* Philip remember thou art a man, and therefore must die.

57. Since man is subject to dye so soone as he begins to live, it shall make mee now that I know I live, to beare in mind, *I must die.*

58. The body at best is but a living Coffin to the Soule, when the Soule departs from the body, the grave shall be the

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the dead Coffin, to that late living Body.

59. We reade of *Philostates*, how hee lived seven years in his Tombe, that he might be acquainted with it against the time he came to bee put into it: Oh an Apprenticeship of yeares is time little enough to make us perfect in the mystery of mortality.

60. *Ausius* in his Hieroglyphicks makes mention of an Indian Rountain out of which Gold is drawn in Earthen pitchers, yet none can get the Gold but hee that breakes the earthen pitcher. *Est vita fictile*: the life of man is the earthen pitcher. The Gold contained, the earnest of all Heavenly happiness, which none can in full attaine till this corruptible put on incorruptibility, and this mortal Immortality: after the night of death comes that day of joy: Let mee welcome that cloudy evening promises so faire a sunshine, let us make fit to die that we may be counted worthy to live: hee that liveth well, cannot die ill: he that lieth well, his death is a passe from a miserable life on earth, to live a life of glory in the Kingdome Heaven. Which God for his mercies send all of us.

Divine Meditations, arising from the contemplation of these sad and serious sentences.

Med.

IS it not high time to make fit to die, considering the Passing-Bell doth Tole Well, I will go take my Dough upon my shoulders, and march from this carnall *Egypt*, to that spirituall *Canaan*. Let the foolish Virgins slip their time to lay in Oyle; yet, lest the gates of heaven be barr'd up, I will up, and on, and buy without morny, or morny-worth. My want is great, my time is almost run. If I make not Market to day, I am not sure to doe it to morrow. O the uncertainty of life shall be the *Alarm-Bell* to give me *NOW* notice, to work out my salvation with fear and trembling.

Med. I am now sole *Cesar*, I have, and what not at my disposall, *Jobs* Goods, *Nabaths* Vineyard, *John Baptists* head in a Charger: I am of potent power, who dare controll me! O consider, ere long, it's not long, and whereas mightie territories could not stint thy ambition, Death will come and make a seizure of thy *SELFE*, and bereave thee of all thou hast, *all but an evill CONSCIENCE*. Think upon it, Death hath hitherto hewed all down, and art thou able to withstand Him. Go and give him a peaceable meeting, who, with all thy force, there is no resisting. The Firmament wil endure but one Sun, but the *THOUGHTS* of God and the Grave may take up their lodging in the same Inne. O, I am never so nigh my God, as when I think of my

my end. FRIEND, let death be in thy thoughts, and God will be in thy heart.

3 Med. Consider well what's said, *Cor sapientiam est in Domoluctus*, the Heart of the wise is in the house of Mourning. Death brought Tears to the house and Teares assure us that Wisdome is got within dores. There is no fear of God, where no wisdom, no wisdom, where no serious thoughts of our end. I wil think of my end, that I may be numbered among the wise : wise to God-ward, while I have an awfull fear of his death-blow. Come, let me embrace that thought of DEATH, which fits me for the day of life, even a life everlasting.

4 Med. Meditate what new men we ought to be, who are here to day, gone to morrow, whom, it's not long, and death will arrest, and then we must answer for all done in the flesh, what a sudden triall will it be, if we get not pardon before the cause be call'd on? What a fearfull reckoning, if before the day of Death, the Lord of life strike not off all our reckoning. Lord I am deep in debt to thee, I owe thee more, than my goods, lands, and life can redeem: my debt surmounts, my time to discharge its nigh at hand. O let the certain and swift summons by death, cause me forthwith to think upon a way to compound with my grand Creditor: I disclaim MERIT, I hold fast by MERCY. For thy ancient mercie's sake, for our blessed MESSIA's sake, in the houre of death, and in the day of judgment, accept the blood of thy Son, and save my Soul.

5 Med.

5 Med. Meditate, since man must die, Lord, what danger in dying unprepared; this is *Maxima miseria*, a miserie of miseries: St. Augustine gives the reason, *quoniam qualis in isto die moritur, talis in illo die judi cabitur*: For that look how a man goeth to that Prison the Grave, so he goeth to the Judgment-Hall to be tryed, and now consider of it well, if thou be not able to give a Gospell-answer to the Judge of Heaven and Earth; comest to answer; but knowest not what to say, had it not been better thou hadst never been born, than to be born to die, and be damned, not considering thy own end.

A wise-man hath his answer before-hand prepared to pacifie wrath to come; whereas the fool forgets what's to come, and dieth in his folly.

6 Med. Let me all my life bear in mind, how I have to do with an enemy that hath no mercie, he bears all down before him, *Peasants and Princes*. O the thought of this quite astonishes me, make readie to die, since I am sure to lay down my life; let me lay up for a life to come, since Death will come, and deprive me of *This life*: Before death throw me into the bowells of the earth; let me lift up my heart to the God of Heaven. O God, who can praise thee in the PIT: While I have life, then I will praise the Lord of Life; and yet while at the best of works, and best in health. Here is the grim visage of pale coloured Death looks me in the face. O thou common Butcherer of human Nature; after thy great stroak be struck, I am not dead but asleep. Blessed be thou my God, who hast made my grave my bed, in which, after I have taken some silent rest, the noise of the Arch-Angell with his Trumpet, shall awake and raise me, from a death for sin, to a life of glory. Death is the way we must all walk to life: And as it is not the least in my thoughts that death will quarter here, so it is the uppermost in my Note book, and stands upon Record, That after death I shall live with God, and for ever.

Statutum est. FINIS. et Ego Abro
omnibus semel
mei.

